NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 5—VOL. XVIII. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1806 NO. 891.

THE WANDERER:

A TALE.

(*Concluded.*)

I followed my child to the grave, and could hardly believe that the vain dream of her happiness had so quickly vanished; and that I had deposited in the cold grave the fine sprightly girl who had added so much to my enjoyment. This was a terrible stroke to my poor wife; her face, that was ever cheerful, was now sad and sorrowful. The affectionate attentions of our son and daughter that remained, could not atone for the melancholy departure of Elizabeth.—— Whenever we looked to our little grand-son, our hearts were filled with anguish, at the recollection of his mother's sad fate, and the miserable circumstance which cast him so early upon our care. I saw, with great concern, that my wife took no longer pleasure in any thing; her mind seemed to be separated from this world and its interest. I endeavored to divert her attention, but to no purpose; nine months after I buried Elizabeth, I laid my dear wife by her side.

It was appointed to me to feel, what the heart feels dear, torn from it by the cruel hand of death. My little circle was now sadly broken. I looked around me, and missed many of the pleasing faces upon whom mine dwelt with rapture. But greater evils were yet in store for me: an infectious fever came near our dwelling; my three darlings were seized with it, and fell. I was unable to attend them to their cold mansion; but they expired in my arms, I saw them cold and lifeless by my side. I saw myself desolate and forlorn, like the lonely oak that stands in the forest, and sees the small lovely shrubs broken by the winter's wind. I stood alone & defenceless, every prop withdrawn, no staff to support my declining years. Of the once flourishing family that graced my cheerful dwelling, none remain but the poor old father, a melancholy monument of misery. But I am tedious, I must hasten to conclude my sorrowful narration. Partly from inattention, and three unsuccessful years, my farm was greatly diminished in its value, and I was unable to pay the rent.—I was forced to quit it, and trust to the charity of my fellow creatures for my subsistence. I was on my way to Lanark, where I have some relations, when the storm found me, and but for your goodness I should have perished in the snow. I thought, while sitting at your fireside, of the days that are past, when I gathered my sweet circle around me, and fondly flattered myself with the idea of happiness to come:—vain delusive dream, that, when our misery is at hand, deceives with peace and joy. Still I am not without hope of meeting again with those who have left me; they cannot come to me, but I shall soon find a land of rest, where I shall rejoin those that have gone before."

Here Richard finished his detail, and we went to rest. Next morning I arose, and was sorry to learn that the old man was gone. After he had got some breakfast, he departed, and pursued his way along the banks of the Clyde. I told Mrs. Smith that he was gone. Well, poor man, said she, I wish he had remained with us. I am sorry for him, he has suffered severely, and I fear, from what he told us, that he will not be well received where he is going. We know not what unfortunate beings are in the world. I think if we did, it would lessen our enjoyment, as we could not relieve them all: but it would serve also to increase our thankfulness, and prepare us for the day of adversity; for who could have thought that Richard Morison, who began life with such fair prospects, should have found himself in old age, a friendless wanderer.

EMMELINE.

A HEROINE.

ADELAIDE LANGENOIS, *alias* SANS GENE,

The Female Captain of Dragoons.

In the month of December, 1801, when on the way from Avignon to Lyons, the Paris Diligence was joined by a young lady, at Montelimart, she was handed in by an officer of dragoons, who, recommending her to the care of the coachman, and to the civilities of the company, wished her a pleasant journey.

The inside passengers now amounted to eight in the whole; among them were four young Lyonese, of a lively and gay disposition, fond of joking and laughing, but upon the whole inoffensive. The new travelling companion, the only female of the party, was dressed in a brown silk gown, neat enough, but her manners and conversation did not correspond with her famale apparel; and, together with the color of her complexion, seemed to indicate that she had passed more of her time in the tents of camps, than at the toilet, or in the dressing room. Her features however, were not coarse, nor her voice rude, but rather soft. In fact, it was very difficult to know what to make of her. Those considerations, or perhaps curiosity made the young Lyonese evince some inclination to amuse themselves at her expence; but she interupted them by telling them, she was not in a humor to joke, and that if they did not conduct themselves with that respect due to her sex and person, she would treat them, at the end of the first stage, as they merited.

When the Diligence stopped, to allow the passengers time to breakfast, she ordered the driver to bring her the portmanteau, Captain Langenois, her husband, had given to his care. Having received it, she went up stairs with the chamber-maid, and in ten minutes, returned, fully accoutred in the regimentals of an officer of dragoons, with her sabre by her side, challenging, in rather severe expressions, the four young Lyonese to fight her, one after another. She, at the same time, threw some papers upon the table, saying, "Read these, you blanches—and you will see, that although a woman, I have made seven campaigns, received nine wounds, and that at present, after giving my resignation, I enjoy a pension of eight hundred livres (34l.) bestowed on me by the First Consul, as a reward for my services."

Some of the other passengers interfering, and those who had unintentionally offended her, having made an apology, her good humor returned, and she continued for the remainder of the journey, a very agreeable companion.

As soon as the Diligence set off, she favoured her fellow travellers with the following particulars of her military life:—Her present husband, though the son of a nobleman, in Normandy, was, in 1792, obliged to enter as a volunteer;—and as such he passed through Besancon, where she was born. Being seized with a fever in the house of her parents, where he had been billeted, she took particular care of him, and a mutual affection was soon formed between them.—Her father opposing her inclination, she put on man's clothes, and joined the 9th regiment of hussars, in which her lover served. She made the campaign of 1793 and 1794, in the maritime Alps; was there wounded and promoted to a cornetcy, whilst her lover still continued in the ranks.

Being informed by letters, that a relation of his was a Colonel of the 15th regiment of dragoons, young Langenois wrote to him, and was afterwards advanced to the rank of a sub-lieutenant. Either from inconstancy, or from other causes, he had hitherto neglected his promise of marrying her; and, notwithstanding her entreaties, left her to join his new regiment, then on the frontiers of Spain. Thus deserted and wretched, in hopes of meeting with death, she rushed into the enemy's ranks, in the first engagement, where, having her horse shot under her and received two cuts of a sabre in the head, she fainted away from loss of blood, and, at her recovery, found herself a prisoner in an Austrian hospital. Her sex being discovered, she was treated by the enemy with great delicacy, and, as soon as convalescent, exchanged. She then resigned her commission as an officer of hussars to enlist as a volunteer in the regiment of dragoons, then in Spain, where Lieutenant Langenois served.

Having heard that she had been killed, he was most agreeably surprised at her arrival; and, in gratitude for her fidelity, and for her sacrifices, not only married her, but procured her, from his relation, the same rank with himself. When the peace with Spain was concluded, her regiment was ordered to join the army of Italy;—— where, at the battle of Lodi, she was wounded in three places, and promoted by Bonaparte to a first Lieutenancy, at the same time that her husband, who had greatly distinguished himself, was made a Captain.

During the blockade and siege of Genoa, in the spring of 1800, her regiment belonged to the corps under the command of General Rochambeau, who attempted to throw in succours to Massena, the Governor of Genoa. In one of the daily skirmishes, in the vicinity of that city, she again had her horse killed under her, was wounded and made a prisoner by General Haddick; who, in admiration of her courage, presented her a beautiful Hungarian horse of his own, and released her without being exchanged. This horse, the General of Division, Duhem, had the insolence to put into requisition for himself, during her illness of a fever, that then raged in the French army; and when, on her recovery, she claimed it, he refused to re-

store it. She sent him a challenge; but, instead of fighting he ordered her under arrest for insubordination. Such was, however, the regard that the officers and men had for her, that in an encounter with the enemy next day, her horse, which Duhem rode, was killed by them, which terrified him so much, that he demanded and obtained a command of another division.

After the peace with Austria, at Luneville, she repaired with her husband to Paris; was introduced by General Murat to Bonaparte, who ordered a sabre, as a mark of honor, to be given her, which at present, entitles her to number among the revolutionary knights of the pretended legion of honor. Her commission, certificates, and numerous other papers, proved the truth of her assertion, and that she diminished, rather than exaggerated, her military exploits. That she was much beloved by the troops was evident during her whole journey. Pickets of the 15th dragoons were quartered in every station where the Diligence changed horses; they all spoke of her courage, generosity and humanity, with the enthusiasm of sincerity and gratitude. They would have narrated many traits, illustrating what they said, but her modesty prevented them; they never ceased to exclaim, as long as she was in sight "Oh! la brave et bonne femme!"

When at Lyons, she went to the play, dressed in her regimentals. General Duhem was then Governor of that city. Owing her a grudge, he sent his Aid-de Camp to her box, asking her, how she had dared to appear at the theatre, without first informing the Governor of her arrival? "Tell your General," said she "that I am no longer in the service; and that I shall be much obliged to him, to settle with me, on the other side of Point Morant, for the horse he stole from me last year. I have here," continued she, laying her hand on her sabre, "an instrument, presented me by the First Consul, which shall cut the affair short." As she spoke very loud, her conversation was heard and applauded by the pit.

She was however, advised to continue her journey for Besancon the same night; as Duhem, as well as Bonaparte, had, during 1793 & 1794, been one of the most sanguinary terrorists and accomplices of Robespierre, and he was known to be as revengeful as cruel.

* * * * *

The writer of this sketch was one of the passengers in the Diligence, and relates nothing but what he heard and read. Madame Langenois had taken the name of Sans Gene as un nom de guerre or borrowed name. This was generally the custom with all the women serving in France.

A shepherd at Beverley, in Yorkshire, for a bet of five pounds, was produced, who was to devour a living cat. The one produced was a large black Tom cat, which had not been fed for the purpose, but was chosen as being the largest in that neighborhood. The day appointed was the fair day at Beverley. The parties met. The man produced was a raw-boned fellow, about forty. The cat was then given to him, on which he took hold of its four legs with one hand, and closing its mouth with the other he killed him, by biting his head to pieces immediately, and in less than a quarter of an hour devoured every part of the cat. The man who laid the wager gave the performer two guineas for doing it, and the shepherd appeared perfectly satisfied with the reward. After he had done he walked about the fair the whole afternoon, and seemed neither sick nor sorry. He took no emetic, nor had this repast any effect upon him whatever.

ODE:

Written by a Husband, on the 14th anniversary of his Marriage.

Once more my dear Mary, the circling Sun,
His annual course round our world has repeated;
And since our hymenial connection began,
This day fourteen years have been fully completed:
Heaven heard us declare,
That each comfort and care,
With hearts join'd in one we would constantly share;
Till Time the last sand of our glass should expend,
And Death cut the ties of the lover and friend.

What mingled emotions arise at the view,
Of life's chequer'd road, which we've travell'd together,
The griefs that we suffer'd, the joys that we knew;
Prosperity's sunshine—misfortune's foul weather,
What hopes, and what fears!
What smiles, and what tears!
Fill up the mix'd map of these fast fleeting years!
But changes of season and fortune, still tend
To strengthen the ties of a lover and friend.

Around to behold such a numerous race
Of girls and of boys, the dear pledge of affection;
Their minds fraught with sense, and their persons with grace,
Should sweeten our labours and banish dejection.
May each anxious care,
These pledges to rear,
Cement our affection, and make them more dear;
And the bland name of Parent its influence lend,
To give a new zest to a lover and friend.

If Providence smiles, and increases our store,
The boon we'll enjoy with a wise moderation;
A portion shall still be assign'd to the poor,
For though poor, and despis'd, they are all our relations;
Or if Heaven lessen
Each temporal blessing,
Our cup will be full while each other possessing!
And peace, like a dove, on our cot shall descend,
To sweeten the cares of a lover and friend.

Inspir'd by love with those feelings sublime;
And join'd heart and hand in those bonds so consoling,
Together we'll glide down the swift stream of time,
Which fast to eternity's ocean is rolling:
Then as age comes apace,
May we grow in each grace,
And run with new vigor the good christian race,
Till Heavn's kind message with death shall descend,
And call to the skies, both the Lover and Friend.

Springfield, Dec. 26, 1805.

PARTING.

Oh, sad is the hour,—and, ah! sad is each heart,
And sad is the loveliest prospect to view,—
When lovers so tender reluctantly part,
And pensively sigh out the lengthen'd adieu!

Dear, dear is the kiss!—ah! how dear the embrace;
—Their hearts cling together in unison sweet—
What tender solicitude speaks in each face!—
What impatience again to be happy!—to meet!

Behold the fond couple now part—now unite!—
Behold the fond bosom, that labours with love—
Behold the emotions that *us'd* to delight!—
Ah! see the sweet passion with anguish improve!

Yet, yet *once* again they take leave of each charm:
Time leans on his scythe and surveys them with pain;
Then flaps his old wings: Love takes the alarm,
And parting, they *hope* to be happy again!

EPITAPH

In Guilford church-yard, (Eng.)

Reader pass on, ne'er waste your time
On bad biography, and bitter rhyme;
For what *I am*, this cumb'rous clay insures,
And what *I was*, is no affair of yours.

THE HAWK:

OR,

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF PRECIPITATION.

A king of Persia had a favorite Hawk. Being one day on a hunting party with his hawk upon his hand, a deer started up before him; the king let the hawk fly, and followed it with great eagerness, till at length the deer was taken. The courtiers were all left behind in the chase. The king being thirsty, rode about in quest of water, till having reached the foot of a mountain, he discovered some trickling down in drops from the rocks. He took a little cup from his quiver, and held it to catch the water. Just when the cup was filled, and he was going to drink, the hawk shook his pinions, and overset the cup. The king was vexed at the accident, and again applied the cup to the hole in the rock. When the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it to his mouth, the hawk clapped his wings again, and threw it again, at which the king was so enraged, that he threw the bird with such violence against the ground, that he expired.

At this time the table-decker came up, and taking a napkin from his budget, wiped the cup and was going to give the king water to drink; the king said he had a great inclination to taste the pure water that distilled through the rock, but not having patience to wait for its being collected by drops, he ordered the table-decker to go to the top of the mountain, and fill the cup at the fountain head.

This attendant having reached the top of the mountain, discovered a serpent of a prodigious magnitude lying dead, with its head in the spring;——and his poisonous foam mixing with the waters, fell in drops through the rock: he then descended, related the fact to the king, and presented him with a cup of cold water out of his flaggon.

When the king lifted the cup to his lips, the tears of reflection gushed from his eyes. He then related the adventure of the Hawk; made many reflections upon the destructive consequence of precipitancy and thoughtlessness, and during the remainder of his life the arrows of regret were rankling in his breast.

ANECDOTE.

A young fellow, whose dress and appearance did not, by any means proclaim him a gentleman, knocked at the door of a young widow lady in Berkley-square, and, having gained admittance, expressed an anxious desire of seeing the lady:—then adding, with great energy, "I *dye* for her ladyship."—The servant, supposing he wanted to address her as a lover, was so enraged at his insolence, that he saluted him with a few kicks, and was on the point of turning him out of doors; when the bustle attending this business induced the lady to open the door of her apartment, to know what was the matter. An *eclaircissement* immediately took place, when the supposed lover asked the following question:—"Pray, my lady, of what colour am I to *dye* those curtains which you sent me a few days ago?"

A celebrated Auctioneer lately sold a country house, which he represented as enchanted in beauty by the prospect of a *hanging wood*. When the purchaser went down to view his new acquisition, he found it graced by the sight of a *gibbet*.

For the *New-York Weekly Museum.*

AFFECTATION;

Or,

A CURE FOR THE SPLEEN.

A TALE.

Drawn from Real Life.

(CONCLUDED.)

"How subject we to folly's call,
Into what errors do we fall!
A disease called *Affectation,*
(Well known to folks in high fashion)
Directed by some evil fiend,
Admittance found into my mind:
And conjur'd up the wicked passion,
Of which I've giv'n you a relation.
Altho' I feign'd myself so sick,
You plainly see 'twas all a trick;
A trick by which a graceless wife,
Often torments her husband's life,
When she a favour would extort
Of the pecuniary sort;
And yet the cheat he cannot see,
But thinks it all reality:
Then to compose his dying elf,
Instead of med'cine gives her pelf;
Quick are its virtues and 'tis sure
To bring relief—but not a cure!
For in a week or two perhaps,
She falls into a deep relapse,
When all her pranks are acted o'er,
Perhaps ten times worse than before!—

"From hence my dearest friend I've found,
Inconsistency knows no bound;
And those that on her ways attend,
Trav'l round a circle without end.
How careful then to keep a guard,
Weigh well each action and each word,
Turn a deaf ear to tittle tattle,
And unmeaning silly prattle;
So shall we 'scape a world of strife,
Sail smoothly down the stream of life,
And when this earthly voy'ge is o'er,
Land safely on the blissful shore,
The haven where our toils shall cease,
There dwell in everlasting peace.—

ESOP.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Joe was poor, the lad was frank and free,
Of late he's grown brim-full of pride and pelf;
You wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so?—You see he has forgot himself.

ANECDOTE.

Of Philip, a Macedonian King.

This Prince lost an eye by a very singular accident while besieging the city of Methome. Aster, of Amphipolis had offered his service to Philip, as so excellent a marksman that he could bring down birds in their most rapid flights. The monarch made this answer, "well, I will take you into my service when I make war upon starlings; which answer stung the cross-bowman to the quick. A repartee proves often of fatal consequence to him who makes it, and is not a small merit to know when to hold one's tongue. After having thrown himself into the city, he let fly an arrow, which was written, "To Philips right eye," and gave him a most cruel proof that he was a good marksman; for he hit him in his right eye. Philip sent him back the same arrrow, with this inscription, "If Philip takes the city, he will hang up Aster: and accordingly he was as good as his word.

A skilful surgeon drew the arrow out of Phillip's eye with so much art and dexterity that not the least scar remained; and though he could not save his eye, yet he took away the blemish. But nevertheless this monarch was so weak, as to be angry whenever any person happenned to let slip the word Cyclops, or even the word eye in his presence. Men, however, seldom blush for an honorable imperfection. A Lacedaemonian woman thought more like a man, when, to console her son for a glorious wound that had lamed him, she said, "now son every step you take will put you in mind of your valor."

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 15, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 8 men, 12 women, 13 boys, and 12 girls, during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, casualties 2 (two children, one aged 19 months, the other aged 3 years, burnt by their clothes having accidentally caught fire) childbed 1, cold 3, consumption 7, (a man aged 58, 5 women aged 14, 17, 28, 32, and 50, and a child of 9 months) convulsions 5, debility 1, dysentary 1, typhus fever 3, gravel 1, hemorrage bives 3, inflamation of the stomach 1, inflamation of the lungs 1, inflamation of the bowels 2, old age 1, palsy 1, pleurisy 1, spitting of blood 1, sudden death 1, suicide by shooting 1, swelling in the back 1, whooping cough 1, and 1 of worms. 15 were of or under the age of one year, 5 between 1 and 2, 4 between 2 and 5, 3 between 5 and 10, 3 between 10 and 20, 5 between 20 and 30, 3 between 30 and 40, 3 between 40 and 50, 4 between 50 and 60, 1 between 60 and 70, 1 between 70 and 80, and 1 between 80 and 90.

Nashville, Jan. 18.—A melancholy accident happened on Sunday night last. Mr. Micajah Barrow, a very respectable citizen of this county was found on Monday morning, lying before his own fire burned to death.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the particulars of this unfortunate accident, to hazard a conjecture—but it has been the opinion of the physicians called on the occasion, and a number of his neighbors who assembled, that this horrid catastrophe was caused by an assassin.

BOSTON, FEB. 1.

Daring Robbery.—Last Wednesday night, about 12 o'clock, as Daniel Runnels, of Haverhill, was passing through Andover, a few rods from Chickering's tavern, two men armed with a gun and bayonet, stopped his sleigh and demanded his money. But he repeatedly refused to deliver it, when they attempted to stab him in the breast; but as he sprang from them his foot slipped, and the bayonet entered his left side, passed under his clothes and came out at the other side, without doing him any material injury. His pocket-book, containing 255 dollars and several notes, was then delivered up, and they went off.

Springfield, Feb. 11.—On Wednesday last, Mr. Jesse Talcott, of this town, was found dead in a barn, hanging by a rope fistened to the beam.—As he had been absent from the house but a few minutes when discovered, means to resuscitate were speedily and diligently tried, but without success. A jury of inquest was summoned, the purport of whose verdict was, that in a fit of insanity he put an end to his own existence.

Mr. T. was 36 years of age, had suffered much from ill health, and had frequently exhibited strong marks of mental derangement.

Drowned at New Haven, on Friday last, by the upsetting of a boat, Mr. James Young, Pilot, of New York.

ANECDOTE.

A poor fellow, in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him, "Sawney! hoot mon, where are you gonging?"—"*Back agen,*" says Sawney.

COURT OF HYMEN.

If in the cup of life, real bliss is thrown,
If joys did ever yet on mortals wait
'Tis only here this happiness is known,
Possess'd alone in Wedlock's peaceful state.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. John Williams, Mr. William Wilkinson, of this city, merchant, to Miss Mary Broughton, of Staten Island,

MORTALITY

LET night, let day, let suns, let clouds, let flow'rs,
To giddy mortals some great truth convey:—
Behold man's little life—his morn—his hours—
Scarce reaching up to noon—he fades away!

DIED,

Suddenly, at New Canaan (Conn.) on the 25th of Feb. the Rev. Justus Mitchell, in the 52d year of his age, and the 25th of his ministry in this place, in the death of Mr. Mitchell the parish has met with a heavy and afflicting loss, as he was greatly beloved by his congregation. On the Wednesday following a sermon adapted to the mournful occasion, was delivered by the Rev. Doct. Lewis of Hoesneck, from these words Hebrews 6th and 12th. "That ye be not slothful but the followers of them who thro' Faith and Patience inherit the promises." The bereaved widow has lost a kind and tender Husband and companion, and the children an affectionate and careful parent.

MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 13 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chimical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

July 13, 1805. 361 tf.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 Broad Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

☞ A few servants on the books well recommended. Those persons who wish to apply for places as above, is requested to produce satisfactory references.

Jan. 4, 1806. 881—tf.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE POWER OF GRAVITY.

Sir Isaac, that surprising man,
Long toil'd, with fruitless industry,
The universal cause to scan,
Ere he discover'd *Gravity*.

At length, one day, by chance, he 'spied
An apple falling from a tree;
Then with triumphant joy he cried—
"The thing I sought for!—*Gravity*."

That all things to their centre tend,
Since Newton's day the learn'd agree;
Prince, statesman, soldier, lover, friend,
Has each his point of *Gravity*.

Self Interest, ambition, love,
Compose the mighty centres three,
Tow'rds which all human creatures move,
With various pow'rs of *Gravity*,

The patriot, while he puffs and blows,
And bawls so loud for liberty,
Seeks (tho' he thinks that no one knows)
Some *private* point of *Gravity*.

The judge, who looks so sternly just,
So void of partiality,
Like other atoms of frail dust,
Is biass'd oft by *Gravity*.

The lawyer, who turns black to white,
And *vice versa*, for a fee,
Acknowledges his magic might
Depends on *golden Gravity*.

The sage physician, to whose skill
We trust our lives, if sick we be,
(Let his prescriptions cure or kill)
Owes half his fame to *Gravity*.

The crafty sons of merchandise,
Who labours like the busy bee,
Both when he sells and when he buys
Puts on the mask of *Gravity*.

As for the poor hard-toiling race,
It needs no great sagacity
Their plain propensities to trace,
Without the aid of *Gravity*.

But now I find the theme I sing
Begins to operate on me—
So, muse, compose thy weary wing,
And sink in silent *Gravity*.

REMOVAL.

PETER STUYVERSANT Jun. *Ladies Shoemaker*, has removed his Store from No. 141 to No. 115 William-street, the house lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Fradgely. Peter Stuyversant jun. returns his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public, for their past Patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which, no endeavors shall be wanting; at the same time he begs leave to inform them, that he has recieved by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of Fancy Leather, for Ladies Shoes, all kinds of Kid and Morroccos.

N. B. Merchants and others may be supplied with shoes suitable for the Southern and West India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Decr. 28, 1805. 880.

25,000 *DOLLARS HIGHEST PRIZE.*

For Sale at this Office,

TICKETS IN THE IVth CLASS LOTTERY

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF

LITERATURE,

In Wholes, Halves, Quarters & Eights.

FEMALE TEMPER.

"It is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of temper, because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning and of their wit, when they grow up, depend upon the gentleness and good humor with which they conduct themselves. A woman who should attempt to thunder with her tongue, would not find her eloquence increase her domestic happiness.—We do not wish that women should implicitly yield their better judgement to their fathers, or husbands; but let them support the cause of reason with all the *graces of female gentleness.*

A man, in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies; but a *woman, in a passion is disgusting to her friends*;—she loses all the respect due to her sex, and she has not masculine strength and courage to enforce any other kind of respect. These circumstances should be considered by those, who advise that no difference should be made in the education of the two sexes.

The happiness and influence of women, both as wives and mothers, and, indeed, in every relation, so much depends on their *temper*, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated. We should not suffer girls to imagine that they can ballance *ill humour* by some good quality or accomplishment; because, in fact *there are none which can supply the want of temper in the female sex.*"

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ALIMEC, or HAPPINESS:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

WHILE Alimec, an Arabian shepherd, was idly wandering about, rather casting an occasional look at his flock, than seriously occupied with it, he espied, at the foot of a hill, a grot covered with shrubs and bushes. His curiosity was excited, and groping along its dark and terrifiing entrance, he perceived that a glimmering ray of light, which, descended from above, illuminated the further end of the cave. He advanced to it, and looking about, he found a purse, a ring, and an old papyrus.——Full of eagerness, he extended his hand to the purse; but finding it empty—A plague on thee! said he, for having flattered and then disappointed my expectations. Oh if thou wert full of gold . . . . But, what signifies to wish it? Go, and ill luck with thee; remain where thou hast been till now.

Saying these words, he threw it angrily on the ground. As it beat against a stone, Alimec heard a noise which seemed the sound of gold Struck with amazement, he picked it up again, and found it full. Heavens! what is this? By Mahomet! here is some enchantment. But let there be what may, I will enjoy this gold, since it comes so seasonably. Having spoken, he also took the ring and the papyrus, then fled eagerly out of the grot; and said, Adieu, forests; as long as this gold lasts, I will enjoy myself. Ha! if I were at Mecca! . . . . . Before he had finished these words, in an instant he found himself at Mecca. More astonished and confused than ever, he opened the papyrus with a trembling hand, and read it in the following words. "The purse shall be full of gold whenever thou wisheth it; the ring shall convey thee wherever thou desirest to go."

At this notice, the desire of seeing strange countries was the first Alimec felt in his heart, and he would satisfy it without delay. The facility of transporting himself from place to place, enabled him to visit a great part of the globe. At first he found the highest gratification in remarking the variety of the countries he passed through, the difference of climates, the various productions of nature, the efforts of art, the many customs and manners of the multitude of nations he saw; but after some time, this pleasure began to subside, being no longer heightened by novelty.

The further he went, the more he saw that the variety, which had enticed him at first, diminished gradually; that nature, and art offered nearly every where the same, or other not very dissimilar objects; that the manners of mankind, being all produced by the same passions, were distinguished but by differences too small for notice. The attraction of novelty ceasing, curiosity likewise ceased, entirely; and finding himself satiated with travelling, he only thought of rest.

With the view, he chose the city of Constantinople, where he thought he could best enjoy those pleasures which his inexhaustible riches might easily furnish him; and where the concourse of so many different nations might serve to recal to his memory, what he had observed in various parts during his extensive travels. He therefore gave himself up to the enjoyment of every kind of pleasure, to satisfy every caprice, to swim in delights and solaces. Nevertheless, he was not long before he found himself tired of these also. By long habit, the most exquisite delights became insipid to him; the more he sought variety, the more he found satiety in every object: his vacant mind was oppressed by an intolerable weariness. An illness, which attacked him in consequence of his irregular way of living, convinced him perfectly that happiness is not to be found in a soft, voluptuous, idle and effeminate life: he therefore resolved to seek it in occupation and employment.

The immensity of his riches easily gained him patrons and friends; the knowledge he had acquired in his travels, made him easily be taken for a man fit to be employed in the most important affairs. He soon gradually rose to the highest of offices till he attained the most elevated post, being that of grand vizier. Then business began to besiege him on all sides: at one time the commands of his sovreign, at another the unremitting applications of the subjects, did not leave him a moment of liberty or rest. The caprices of the effeminate and ignorant monarch, the restlesness of the ladies of the seraglio, conspiracies and plots of rivals and envious people, kept him in perpetual agitations and fears. He began to find from experience that dignities and honours lead only to a splendid slavery. Satiated with these also, he began to think of retiring; when news was brought to the sublime Port, that Persia was preparing for war; he therefore was ordered to hasten with a powerful army, to repress the pride of the enemy; an ardour for glory arose in his breast, and he obeyed the summons.

His first two battles were crowned with success; in them he completely routed the enemy, and compelled them to evacuate the whole province of Turkesthan, which he had already occupied. The conquering vizier was therefore loaded with praises and honors: the name of Alimec, adorned with all the embillishments of eastern hyperboles, resounded throughout the extensive empire; the grand signior was preparing to receive him in his capital, with all "the solemn pompt, pride, and circumstance of war;" when advancing with too great eagerness in the enemy's country, he imprudently fell into an ambuscade, and extricated himself only by losing a great part of his array. The scend immediately shifted. Praises were changed to execrations, and in lieu of the honours of a splendid triumph, he was presented with the fatal though gilded bow string.

The ring fortunately saved him from that danger: he disappeared; and after having travelled over various regions of India, perpetually haunted by disgust and restlessness, he finally stopped at Golconda.

On his arrival at the capital, he found on the throne a princess; whose charms gave her the crown over all the beauties of Asia. The first time he beheld her, he was captivated by her fascinating beauty, and, without delay, procured himself to be introduced at court. The magnificence he displayed, his noble air, his graceful and engaging manners, his elegant conversation, full of liveliness and variety, the information his extensive travels enabled him to furnish, attracted the attention of Selima, the above-mentioned enchanting princes, and she could not repress a wish for the conversation of Alimec. He received an invitation to remain at Golconda, which he accepted very willingly. On his account, fetes were given, hunting parties made, and diversions ordered. On his side, magnificence and taste were displayed in dresses, jewels, and splendid retinues. He by degrees obtained the confidence of Selima, and in process of time she seemed to have a tender partiality for him; she even permitted him to hope for her hand. Intoxicated with joy, Alimec thought he at last had attained that happiness of which he had been so long in pursuit; when the envy of the courtiers, who ill brooded the idea of a stanger's yoke, suggested the scheme of inventing against him a calumny of the blackest die, and with all the colours of probability and truth, they represented it so well, to the eyes of the queen, that she gave immediate orders for his death; he therefore was under the necessity of recurring to the friendly aid of his ring to save his life once more.

He departed with his mind of regret and indignation, at seeing his hopes frustrated in an instant, and that happiness he had dreamt to have found vanish as suddenly: he journeyed thro' the regions of Asia, without knowing where to stop, being always uneasy and dissatfied with himself; he finally determined to go to China. One day, as he wandered, pensive & gloomy, in remote and lonesome fields, he heard on one side joyful songs and lively music: induced by curiosity, he directed his steps towards the pleasing sounds. Being arrived at a farm house, he saw a number of lads and lasses diverting themselves with merry songs and sprightly dances. Astonished at seeing joy, so pure and so sincere, sparkling on every countenance, he approached a venerable grey-headed cottager, whose hearty looks and cheerful air showed that age had not diminished his vigour; he was looking, with eyes expressive of pleasure, at the gay dance. Alimec asked him the cause of that extraordinary merry-making. It is not extraordinary for us, replied the old man. On the days consecrated for rest, after paying due homage to the tutelar deity of our fields, we pass the remaining hours in innocent joy——You make sweet amends, observed Alimec, for the toilsome labours you must endure, and the wretched life you are compelled to lead the other days. The old man replied, smiling, I have passed more than seventy years in this very life, and cannot say I ever found it wretched. I know that you great people think that no happiness can exist, where there is not plenty of gold and silver, and where valuable shining jewels are not seen; but us country people, when we go to your cities, and see the confusion, crowding, and tumult that reign through them, feel oftener compassion than envy for your riches. Tranquility is not for you; pride, avarice, and ambition drive it incessantly from you, and where tranquility is not, happiness cannot be. We